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Choice Poetry.

AFTER "TAPS."

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! As I by with my blanket on, By the dim fire-light, in the moonlit night, Chen the skirmishing fight was done.

De messpred beat of the sentry's feet, the jingling scabbard's ring! rump! Tramp! in my meadow-camp, By the Shenandosh's spring.

The moralight seems to shed cold beams On a row of pale grave-stones: Give the bugle breath, and that image of Death Will fly from the reveille's tones.

By each tented roof, a charger's hoof Makes the frosty hill-side ring: Give the bugle breath, and a spirit of Death To each horse's girth will spring.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The seatry, before my tent, Guards, in gloom, his chief, for whom u shelter to-night is lent.

I am not there. On the hill-side bare, think of the ghost within; Of the heave who died at my sword-hand side, To-day, 'mid the horrible din

Of shot and shell and the infantry well, As we charged with the sabre drawn To my heart I said, "Who shall be the dead

in my tent, at another dawn?" I thought of a blossoming almond-tree, The stateliest tree that I know; Of a golden bowl; of a parted soul;

And a lamp that is burning law.

Of my pride and joy-my eldest boy:

Oh, thoughts that kill! I thought of the hill to the far-off Jura chain; Of the two, the three, o'er the wide salt sea. Whose hearts would break with para;

Of me darling, the second-in years: Of Willie, whose face, with its pure, mild grace,

And the angel aslesp in her arms; Lore Results, and Truth, which she brought to my yout in that sweet April day of her charms.

"Batt' Who comes there?" The cold midnight air and the challenging word chill me through. The theat of a fear whispers, close to my ear,

petil, love, coming to you?" Belonge answer, "RELIEF," makes the shade of a grief De saxy with the step on the sod.

I was melts in air, while a tear and a prayer Canfide my beloved to God.

With a salemn, pendulum-swing! Though I slumber all night, the fire burns bright, And my sentinels' scabbards ring.

"Bost and and die!" is counding. Our pulses are be "To barse" And I touch with my beel Rick Gray in the flanks, and ride down the ranks, With my heart, like my sales, of steel

ANDREW HALL POOTE.

What time our armies fought at Donelson, And round Fort Henry would in make like coils, We owed to one man's never-ceasing toils, Long and with honor had be served the land. At home, and more abroad-on sea and shore; And when fierce war stretched out its bloody hand.

He stood alert-eager to do yet more; And none of all who've nobly fought and bled-Have fairer, brighter record kept than he. To-day that hero-gentleman lies dead-A Christian soldier lost to liberty! Mid selema bells and reverent guns, well may the

acep
Above the honored dust of him who calmly lies saleep.

Select Tale.

ICHABOD:

-OR,-

THE PLEASURE OF BATHING.

RY PAUL CREYTON.

Ichabod Inches was extravagently fond of bathing. Nearly every day, in the Summer time, he used to go down to the pond back of Deacon Johnson's barn, deposite his clothes in the bushes, and plange like a duck into the water.

The pond was a fine bath-so clear and brilliant when the sun shone, that every pebble that glittered on the hard bottom, was distinctly visible; and even when Ichabod dove down in the deepest places, you could see him kicking and eprawling among the frightened fishes, like

a great white frog, or a regular merman. lehabod chose the shadowy part of the pond, behind Deacon Johnson's barn, from considerations which every modest person will commend. The Deacon had some gav and enterprising girls, who delighted in rambling about the farm, sometimes extending their excursions to the pond; and there being no such thing picion of his presence.

One day, however, Ichabod was sadly on the other side. Towser was before discomined. This is the way of it: It it, growling frightfully. Molly approaching the control of the other side. was in the afternoon. There was a warm, ed it from behind, and at a signal from soft air, and a cloudless sky. Ichabod Jane—tipped it over and spilled out had enjoyed a delightful bath, and in the Ichabod ! shadow of the bushes, where his clothes were concealed, he was on the point of slipping his under garment over his head, when he was startled by a most terrific within an inch of Ichabod's ear!

Ichabod was nervous. At a bound he plunged into a blackberry bush, and look ed around for the bear, panther, or whatever the animal might be, that growled to borribly. Wet as Ichabod's hair was, it stood up all over his head. He was paralyzed with fear.

out of his senses, but out of his clothes. He left his shirt hanging on the briars. He rushed into the barn. He shut the door after him with great trepidetion, and clumg to the beam to keep from fall-into his clothes in double quick time. ing. He trembled as he never trembled He thinks he never occupied so little and witch hes been wottered by the blud before, and his legs seemed crumbling time in dressing before, or since.

away beneath him.

never before seen him bristle up so, or behind Descon Johnson's barn. heard him utter such growls. He was as large as two dogs.

"He is mad," thought Ichabod. Then Ichabod began to think of his clothes. He dared not go for them, never reflecting that Towser's unaccountable insanity was all owing to sheer fright. Nothing indeed terrifies a dog so much as the sight of human being in a state of nudity. Ichahod could not have got within a rod of Towser, had he tried. Towser's growl was a growl of terror, and he followed his old friend, through the strange fascination of fear, and now began to yelp and bark before the barn door in a most wild and alarming manner, for poor Ichabod!

After suffering much agony, in his retreat, Ichabod, anxious to recover his clothes, resolved to presume upon his former intimacy with Towser, to coax him ont of his insanity. Accordingly, after considerable preliminary whistling and flattering through a crack, Ichabod cautionsly opened the door. Towser, recognizing the voice, had for a moment appeared easier; but the instant he saw the terrible sight of a naked man, his bristles went up again, and he yelled horribly. Ichabod shut the boor, as if he had been

met by a troop of wolves! Our hero's situation was, you may say, without contradiction, anything but pleasant. In vain did he beg and entrest Towser to know him and come out of his

"Poor Towser!-good Towser!--Tow. Tow-come, Tow!" he cried, and Towser answered with yells.

Ichabod groaned, and cursed, and shivered, and cursed again, when -shade of Diana !- a chorns of female voices burst in upon Ichahod's ear.

"O. Lor! O. Lor! it's Johnson's girls!" grouped Ichabod, looking through the

"That infernal dog-they'll think there's a thief in the barn! Ho! Don't come !" he shonted, as three robust girls approached the door-"don't come! for heaven's sake."

He flew about the barn like a chicken after its neck is wrung. There was no way of fastening the door. To hold on was out of the question-the girls would look through the crack !

So Ichahod got behind a ladder-but he found this wouldn't do. His eye fell on a bundle of atraw, and he wished A. Ward Meets Boileau, the Cophimself a mouse, that he might crawl in-

ascertain the cause of his terror. " Don't come-I'm naked-for heav-

en's sake, don't !" shrieked Ichabod. Not understanding his words, the girls thought he was calling for assistance. Suddenly all was silent. They looked through the cracks, but they saw nothing. Timidly they opened the door. The barn was as silent as a church on Monday morning. Encouraging each other, the girls entered. This encouraged the dog. and he entered too. Nobody was to be

adder, on the mow, behind the pitchfork that stood in the corner-and finally concluded the robber-or whoever the mysterious individual was-must be in the

fanning mill. " Turn it, Molly," said Jane. Molly turned it-but as she did no find out anybody, the girls changed their minds, and felt certain the mysterious in-

dividual must be in the large apple barrel which stood in the corner.

The barrel was covered with straw as hiding in the transparent water, Icha- Jane pointed at it mysterionaly. Molly bod found the barn a convenient retrest turned pale. She was sure she saw the on occasion of surprise. He could always hear the girls coming, in season to to snuff and growl at it, as if convinced catch up his clothes, retreat to the barn there was something wrong. Lizzie and dress himself, giving them no sus- brandished a sickle. One took her station on one side of the barrel, and the other

> He came out like a spring make out of a snuff-box. Up went Towser's bris-

Lizzie was near reaping the left with her sickle. Molly shrieked; the sisters recoiled. They had recognized Ichabod! "Don't look at me! O, Lor! the dog my paper, sur. I tole him the war woz a -my clothes!" ejaculated Mr. Inches.
"Don't-don't look!"

And while the girls sent up a chorus That J. Davis wos a grate man, an no-out to hunt up a fight, and in having one of wild, ringing laughter, he drew back body couldn't stop him. I apeled to brought to you.

Another growl, however, started Icha- into the barrel, like a turtle into its shell. the peple, sur. I told them to arise in monster, with glaring eyes, on the other side of the bushes, and fled.

Unfortunately, Ichabod was not only entreated the girls to bring him his "Woz you let out on the rit of Hocus

Ichabod, then, with feelings that can Finding himself safely in the barn, be "more easily imagined than descrihowever, with the monster on the out- bed," appeared, white and ghastly, be- silvennier," he continued, " has been viside, Ichabod presently began to recover fore the girls, who laughed; and before erlated in my umbel person-that mitey from his fright. Still hearing a series of Towser, who snuffed at him, hung his Stait witch was foundered by W. H. unearthly growls, he ventured to look head, and finally snesked away, with his Penn, in pease-witch was purchast through a crack in the door, to get a sight tail down, very much ashamed. Icha-by him frum the nobel red men ov the bod, very much ashamed, too, went off forrest." It was not a bear. It was not a pan- in another direction, and disappeared in ther. It was only a dog-Deacon John- the bushes; and owing to painful asso- seg I. "How did you get out?" son's dog, too, the most peaceful of all ciations connected with the briars, the dogs. Besides, Ichabod and Towser had dog, and the barrel, and the girls, our always been friends. But Ichabod had hero never afterwards went in swimming Stait is goin to avenge her viurlated suv-

Miscellancous.

STATES OF AMERICA." -[LAST WORDS OF GENERAL SUMNER.

BY A. T. H. TAYLOR.

"God save my country!" so the hero cried, While on his brow was press'd, all cold and damp, The hand of death-and the pale, flickering light Flashed up a moment in the dying lamp. He prayed that God would save our bleeding land; That Heaven in mercy would our country spare; For never yet were those high portals closed

Against a patriot's earnest, heart-felt prayer O' Summer' the' no more, thy thunder-tone Will sound above the battle's awful storm! Tho' never more thy comrades will be cheered By the hold presence of thy martial form, Yet will the history of thy glorious deeds Brighten whole pages of our country's lore, And "Liberta" will hang noon thy tomb A prouder wreath than ever monarch wore.

Long is the list of heroes gone before-And now upon the scroll another name, Encircled by a radiant light, appears-'Tis Summer's, written by the hand of Fame! "God save my country" Ah! he knew its worth! And beg an answer to that dring prayer,

WO! FOR THE GUN-BOATS.

Ho! for the gun-boats, ho! Our starry fing is floating there, The emblem of the free. Ho! for the gun-boats, ho! Ho! for the rivers bright!

With pure and holy light. [Repeat first four lines of each verse.] Ho! for the gun-boats, ho!

Hot for the Ocean Kines! Ho! for their bows of stee! In every clime and zone, The thunders of their mighty guns Shall shake the tyrant's throne.

Hol for the brave hearts, hol Ho! for the stripes and stars! Before their might the despot bows-Ho! for the gua-boats, ho! Bo! for the waters blue To freedom and our glorious fiag. We pledge ourselves anew.

Wan uv the Poits, I forgit witch The girls came nearer. Having pacified the dog, they boldly datermined to man;" but to understand human natur perfickly requires sum nollege of the other animal, ez fur instance snaix! There's grate eel of human natur in snaix !

Speaking ov snaix, reminds me ov neident which happened to me the oth er day. I was a traveling in the cars, when a man com in with a countenance witch looked ez if it had been biled and the skum not properly tuk off. He was accompanied by a very young man in a very yaller shute of close. The young man staired hard at me, wherenpon said to him in my most insinnocatin manner, "Your sarvant, sur; du you

se eny thing green about me ?" "Neigh, revrent sur," he replied, "purmit me to introjuce to yu a patriot."
"Wheer abouts?" sez I.

"Hur?" sez I.- (This was spoken sarkasticle, fur I hate travelling patriots

like dog pi.) " Nothing to speak on," sez he, "I am imply an umbel patriot."

"How much kin you make a week at

it ?" sez I, if its followed up well ?" "Sur," said he, "I am surprised a "Sur," said he, "I am surprised at "He was on foot?" "Yes; but," such leverty. I make my woonds by it. said Mrs. McClure, "how is it, General, sur; also stripes, likewise imprising you know all these particulars?" "Oh." sur; also stripes, likewise imprising ments. I bey been incarcenated in fortress Laffeyette, sur."

" Indeed," sex I.

"I am a neditor," says be. "I tole Mr. Linkun wot I thort of him, sur, in

bod out of the briars. He had never heard anything so horrifying before. He caught a glimpse of a huge bristling who had hastily fortified his retreat with noble effort to save the Union. Fur this,

"But how did you git out?" sez I.
"The majersty uv the stait uv Penn-

"Ingin is pizen wheresoever found." "The Legislatoor ov my native Stait is resolvin- the Legislatoor of my nativ

"My fren," sez I, "my patriotic fren, kyerb these flites of imadgernation, subu these flours ov retterick, and inform me, O, inform me,

"Let me not bust in ignorants," but inform me-how did you get out?" Sez he, very short, " I would not bough down an take the oath. I won releesed on my pay roll ov honor.'

"Yn ondacious cus," sed I, "a mitey

site meaner than Limburg cheese is yure pay roll ov honor. Why, sur, my imortal little monkey is smart kompared tu yu. My kobra wouldn't associate with you. My wax figger of Smith, the wife murderer, wud skorn tu ware yure close. Why, sur, it air a privilege to take the othe of a legance. I take it, sur, in the mornin when I rize un brethe the are of freedom. I take it wen I lye down at nite sekure in the protection of mi country. I administer the othe tu mi famerlv. I teech it tu my innercent children. Yu a patriot! Shadder of G. Washington defend us! if the suvereignity ov youre natiff Stait is lodged in yore person, in my opinion theres mitey little to keep it from falling to the ground. Wile yu air loose, sur, onest men hev no pleasure in bein free. Wen yu are tuckt up-then son, Andrew Jackson Ward, sur, is a corporal in the army of the Union. He marches next to the man who kerrys the flag. The rebels may shute at him, but his dooty is to hold unto his fire till the last moment for the defence of that glorious flag. An wile them ignorant ruffins air a levlin there guns at his manly brest, yu, sur, an sutch abandoned cowardly villains ez yo, sor, air a tellin em ware tu aim. Yu air a tellin em tu stan there ground, an to fire on the Stars and Strines witch my son may even now be a burin proudly in the face ov the foe. If served you rite, sur, I wood take you by the scruft of yure worthless neck an the sete ov yure close, carry yu out onto that platform and drop you onto the track, wen the kars could mangle your

rotten flesh an grind yure disreppytable bones to powder !" Sez he, lookin kind o' skeart, "the Legislatoor ov mi natiff Stait-"

Cuss the Legislatoor ov your natiff Stait," sez I. "I hev no sitch spaix in mi show. South Carolina addopted the rattle snaik as the emblem ov hur suvereignty-but yure Leggislatoor hez chuse a meaner, an more pizenos reptyle—the copperhed. My feeble opinion is, sur, hat aither W. Penn diddent git a good title, or he left no legitermate ares, and the suvereignty ov yure natiff Stait hez reverted to the pizen Ingine agin, witch

woz the oridginal possessors. Here the whistle blode far Johnstown. ware I got out and exhibited my moril entertainment, at a large an truly patriotic audgence ov American cityzens.

THEY LOVE TREASON, BUT DESPISE THE TRAITORS.—The testimony, says the Republican, of Chester County, Pa., is universal, that the rebels in Cumberland Valley have treated certain sympathizers in that region with great contempt. A well anthenticated fact comes to us. and we think it should be made a part of the record of this war. The rebel General Jenkine, while in Chambersburg, either by his own invitation or otherwise, took tes one evening with Mrs. McClure, the wife of Col. Alex. McClure.

After being seated, he said : " Mrs. McClore, your husband left here last night?" "Yes." "He went out by way of Rutherford's Lane ?" "Yes." said Jenkins, with the most biting scorn and irony, "I have it all from our constitutional friends!" This is but a single instance of the conduct of these men in Cumberland Valley.

" VICKSBURO! GETTTEBURG! "To whom shall we Grant the Meade

TAKE YOUR GUN AND GO, JOHN.

Don't stop a moment to think, John Our country ealls, then go; Don't fear for me nor the children, John I'll care for them, you know. Leave the corn upon the stalk, John,

Yes, leave them all to me. CHORUS-Then, take your gun and go; Yes, take your gan and ga; For Ruth can drive the exen, John And I can use the boo.

And all our little stores, John.

I've heard my grand-sire tell, John. He fought at Bunker Hill; He counted all his life and wealth. His country's offering still. Would I spare the brave old blood, John That flowed on Monmonth plain? No! take your gun and go, John, CHORUS-Then, take your gun and go, &c

Then take this heavy pair; I span and wove them when a cirl. And work'd them with great care. A rose in every corner, John, And here's my name, you see:

On the cold ground they'll warmer feel, Because they're made by me. CHORUS—Then, take your gun and go, &c.

And, John, if God has willed it so, We ne'er shall meet again, I'll do my best for the children, John, On Winter nights I'll teach them, John All that I learned at school-Obey the Savior's rule.

CHORUS-Then, take your gun and go, &c

And now. good-bye to you, John-I cannot say farewell; We'll hope and pray for the best, John His goodness none can tell. May His arm be round about you, John, To guard you night and day-Be our beloved country's shield, 'Till war shall pass away.

CHORUS-Then, take your gun and go, &c. WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Interview with the "Pres."

WASHINGTON, June 10. Dear Vanity-I was just on the point of taking Vicksburg last week, when I received a telegram from a gentleman

ing order : HEADQUARTERS, June 1. General Orders, No. 1,000,000,004.-

Take Vicksburg. Ass't Sup. Gen. Com. Rija. Shaya. U. J. A. M. D. L. X. Y. Z. &c., Undoubtedly, the order is filled by this

"Chevalier." said President Lincoln to me on my arrival, "have you coneidered the political movements of the day, and their bearings?"

At any rate here, and as I statid to Mr. What Is day, and their bearings?"

not excessively." "It is time. The campaign commences. Would you like to be President of wase, without having a eternal fuss kict the United States ?"

"I do' know." "It isn't much fun," sighed Lincoln, wearily. "It is harder than flatboating, and more confusing than splitting rails. have had a good Cabinet and a splendid people to support me. But the demagogues torture me, and the copperhead sympathyzers undo the work of my armies. Confound 'em !" added the excellent Chief, warming up, "what shall do with them ?"

"Draft 'em," I suggested. "Bah! they won't fight. They're all peace men—that is, cowards," said Linoln, with ineffable disgust.

"Suppose we hang them all." "That would be better. Meanwhile, would you accept a nomination for the

"Not if you will run for re-election. Sire." "You do me proud, Chevelier McArone Had I more such men as those, the land would soon be blest again, and smile as it

was wont to smile." I embraced his knees, which are handy height from the floor, and thanked him with tears. After a brief silence, the President re-

sumed: "Oh! wby should the spirit of mortals be proud, when so beset by the distractions of a severed people? Yet there will be several candidates, and maybe more. There is talk of Seward, of Chase, of McClellan, of Fremont, of Crittenden, of Banks, of Butler, and the hokey knows how many more. Now all these parties will unite, if we can find one upright, honest, vigorous, capable man—the

"Yourself, Sire." "No," said he, turning brusquely upon me, -"his other name it is Chevalier

Finally, he looked wise and said :

"P'r'ape." "However," I continued, "if I am to

"Ah," said he, "thank you. I pro-

mise you the suffrages of a grateful na-"But, Sire. couldn't you, could'nt you make a dead sure thing of it ?" I asked.

> "By creating me President as a mili-tary necessity," I said modestly. His brow darkened!

"Aren't you asking just a leetle too "It doesn't strike me in that light," I remarked.

ing himself up to part of his full height, bearing. He was frightfully sunburned. "you are a very promising young man, and his face, coarse and demure, suggest-Chevalier, and you have a future. But ed good humor and power of endurance, I know a young man out West, who more than courage or discipline. But worked for my father, and he died of there was a twinkle about his small grey being too smart. Now, don't you rather eyes which enlivened them, despite their prefer the idea of longevity ?"

tinctly decline to become a candidate, a wholesome respect for his courage and that is, before the nominating commit- intelligence. His nasal voice and drawl. tee meet. I am the last man in the his round shoulders and flat build, could world to do aught except what is prompt- not shake this respect if one kept those

firmly believe that all parties and factions can be brought to unite on me. will be the making of your fortune. Be-gin next week, please. You may cari-ation for him, to keep him at that service. cature me as a gorilla, if you like.

pahannock. It is rainy. McAronz.

ARTEMUS WARD ON THE NEGRO .- Fel-Brother. Sevril hily respectibil gentlemen, and some talentid females tell us one that showed his head on the hilller Sittersuns, the Afrikan may be Our so, and for argyment sake I mite be in side. They learned their lesson and actooced to grant it, the' I don't believe it ed upon it. myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister, of our brothers and all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfather and our grate grandfather, and our aunt in the ate presence here.

I came at once. Before leaving the Mississippi, however, I sent Gen. Grant the following order:

I came at once. Before leaving the Mississippi, however, I sent Gen. Grant the following order: grosserys, but then he sin't everybody and arms only when he fired. Private Swipes hastened with praiseworthy pru-

But we've got the Afrikan, or rather he's got us, and now what are we going to do about it? He's an orful noosance. Praps he was created for sum wise purpose, like the mesles and New England Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any It, its a pity he coodent go orfsomewheres y, and their bearings ?"
"Somewhat, Sire," I responded, "but red weekits and speckled neckties, and gratterfy his ambishun in varis intrrestin

up about him. Praps I'm bearing down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on to it, I am. He woodent be sich an infernal noosance if the people would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why cant the people let him alone? What's the good of continuerly stirrin him up with a ten foot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of perfoomery when in a natral stait

ELEVEN REBELLIONS .- Since the organization of the Federal Government. eleven attempts have been made to resist its anthority. The first was in 1782—a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme 1787, Shay's insurrection in Massachu-setts. The third in 1794, called the passed along, hastened to drive a smooth Whiskey Insurrection of Pennsylvania. The fourth in 1814, by the Hartford Convention. The fifth in 1820, on the front of the stake, the muzzle of the Union. The sixth was a collision be- pit on the other slope. tween the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to the seventh was in 1830, with the Cherokees in Georgia. The eighth was the memorable pullifying ordinance of South Carolina, 1832. The ninth was in 1842, in Rhode Island, between the suffrage association and State authorities. The tenth was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authorities .-The eleventh is the present unholy attempt at secession.

A COPPERHEAD REBUKED.—The Harris-

A gentleman informs us that he was "Indeed," set I.

"Indeed," set I.

"Indeed," set I.

"Indeed," set I.

"Yes, sur," sex he; I was incarcenated in that fedral bastill, becox I would not abey a tirannickle guvernment."

"Sampthing like Jno. W. Hampton," said I, "wen he objected to settling his aid I, "wen he objected to settling his about a transport to find a pease man who is also a patriot. I should like to bey yor wax figger in my show."

"You flatter me," sex he.

"Not a tall," sex I. Wo to bixiness do you foller wen times is dull?"

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"Yicksburg! Gerrature!

"To whom shall we Grant the Meade

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"In the blushed crimson, and became the connected with the war for some time connect

"Lincoln ought to have hung you and it!"
the rest of the Copperheads long ago. The my paper, sur. I tole him the war woz a unboly war. That the rebels woz a fitin for thar burthrites an the constitution. That J. Davis woz a grate may, an no-out to hunt up a fight, and in having one belween going the diadem in a single bound, in a word, if you insist, I'm your man!"

"However," I continued, "if I am to the would not tolerate any such men in the Southern Confederacy. We respect to be profitably occupied.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old me

Vermont Strategy.

Private Joel Swipes, of a hard working, rough-sinewed regiment of Vermont volunteers, was a good shot and a smart soldier. He found great satisfaction in picket duty, and hardly came in after a day's exercise in that branch of military service without having a report for his superior officer of some new work discovered, some circumstance perceived, that might be of use in gaining an ad-

vantage over the enemy. Joel was a long, lank, yellow-haired "Look-a-bere," said Abraham, draw- fellow, not very soldierly in speech or scanty and characterless white lashes, "The rebuke is unmerited, Sire. I dis- and impressed the closer observer with ed by the most shrinking delicacy and excessive modesty."

"We'll see," said the President.

clear, cool, far-seeing eyes in sight, and Joel's comerades prophesied that he had only to behave himself, and keep his own There our conversation closed, but I way, to gain a pair of epsulets some fine

He openly declared that manual labor If you, dear Vanity, will support my on the earthworks was distasteful to him: nomination with all your strength, it and his officers, knowing his value on

The position that he liked best was Just as I close, a refined deserter brings the slope of a hill, opposite a similar ietelligence that all is quiet along the Rap-slope occupied by a sentinel of the Confederates. This last was quite a high bit of ground, whence one might see a great deal that was going on about the batteries further down. Joel believed that the sentinel there stationed learned more than was good for our side. He

Joel sauntered down his path one fine and our wife and uncle. He isn't sevral afernoon, heard a sharp report, and felt and everybody else likewise. [Notis to bizness man of Vanity Fair: Extra charg fur this larst remark. It's a goak.—A. fixing the location of his forman again. Finally discovering the fresh earth once more, and imagining he saw a hat above it, he took a shot in the direction. Up pegged a tall sentinel, bareheaded, and returned the fire instantly. He had been trying the old trick of putting his hat on

a ramrod. "That will never dew," soliloquised Joel. "That cuss has got tew good a berth over yonder. I'll just have ter

rouse him out." The other sentinel's death was in some sort signed from that moment. The crafty Vermonter's brain was at work on the problem of dislodging his antagonist; but it was presumable that he could see the batteries in process of construction, without exposing himself, for the earth taken from the pit was piled upon the side toward Joel.

From a thicket at the foot of the hill, however, a shot could be got lengthwise of the treuch, and behind the trifling breastwork. To gain the thicket, then. without being too visible on the barren slope, was Joel's task.

The next day private Swipes took with him a long piece of stout twine and a re-volver, when he went out on picket duty. It was not yet daylight, but the gray and indistinct light of dawn had begun States into one, and confer the supreme to pale in the east.

power on Washington. The second in The sentinel, as soon as the guard

stake in the ground, and to rest his

nestion of admitting Missouri into the wespon pointing in the direction of the He then cocked the piece, fastened one end of his cord to the trigger, and belands given to the Creek Indians. The gan stealthily crawling down the hill on his handf and knees, paying out the line

as he went. It was a hazardons experiment, for the thicket, when he gained it, was very sparse, and so near to the point that the Confederate sentry, had he suspected Joel's presence there, could have hardly

Lying down, however, the Vermonter, then, awaited sunrise; and as the shadows faded away in the mist of morning, he saw the light gleam upon a bayonet burg Telegraph relates the following as peering from the trench on the hill side.

occurring at Chambersburg:

"Now for to make him show his pio "Now for to make him show his pictur !" said Joel to himself.

present at an interview between Gen. He pulled the string carefully at first, McArone !"

Jenkins and some prominent Republicans at Chambersburg. After discussing matters to the musket from the cedar very handsome.

I felt I blushed crimson, and became ters connected with the war for some above. He had not calculated wrongly.

The Confederate pickets decided the

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man